Place Your Bets

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Place Your Bets

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Summary

“Alright, you know what? Fuck it! Yeah! Fuck me if you’re wrong, asshole!”

Alastor’s laughter petered out as he wiped a tear away from his eye. “Pardon me. I didn’t quite catch that. What did you say, old chum?”

“I said,” Vox enunciated, “that if I win, you fuck me.”

After the battle against Heaven, Vox follows Alastor into a bar. Conversation eventually turns to the Hell's Hottest Poll, and while Vox feels confident in his victory, Alastor isn't so sure.

And a bet is made.

(inspired by Mimi's artwork on Twitter)

Chapter 1: The Bet

Chapter Notes

> A year ago, there was the infamous Hell's Hottest Poll. Vox won. Everyone cheered. There was an artist on Twitter (Mimi @MimerMimimi) who promised backshots of Vox if he won. The resulting art was glorious, and I wanted to write a fic about it.
>
> https://x.com/MimerMimimi/status/1769599871693267248?s=19
>
> Then, I got a lot on my plate, and this fic fell into my WIP folder as I worked on other things. Then, the anniversary of this historic event came around and I got re-inspired. Apologies if this feels at all rushed, but I literally saw the twitter posts and wrote about 4,000 words in one day.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was two months, one week, and five days after the battle against Heaven's exterminators before Vox saw Alastor again.

He caught the Radio Demon, in the flesh, on his screens walking east down Heathen's Circle away from that sickening abomination of a rebuilt hotel. There was no limp in his stride nor falter in his step. Every hair was in place and every scrap of his suit intact (that is, except for the frayed hem of his coat he never seemed to replace).

All in all, he seemed to be back in tip-top shape.

Which would make it all the more fun to tear him back down.

Vox wasn't sure how yet. Whether he'd bring up the absolute *cringefail* of a battle against the First Man and his pathetic escape.

Or maybe he'd offer a dig as to Lucifer's new involvement in the hotel and how the Big Boss of Hell itself would, no doubt, replace a simple little Overlord as the hotel sponsor.

Fuck it, maybe Vox would just call him an out dated, overblown, shell of a man with *zero* clout.

It honestly didn't really even matter what he said, but ever since that *incredible* beatdown from Adam, Vox had been absolutely *itching* to give Alastor a little kick while he was down. Not enough to finish him off. Not yet at least. But enough to make it a good time.

He watched Alastor continue to stroll down the street before stepping into some place called *The Wet Whistle*.

Seemed as good a place as any to have their verbal spat.

So Vox zapped through the grid and exited via the nearest street camera. It was a smooth landing onto the grimy street, and he barely broke his confident stride towards the bar. A few drunken hobos blearily looked up as he passed, with the befuddled expression of a man unsure whether what he saw was a hallucination or reality, but otherwise Vox received little attention as he entered the same building Alastor had.

The bar, as it had turned out to be, had a seedy air about it, thanks to the poor lighting, smokey haze, and low rumble of threating conversation suffusing the space. The only source of light to the entire place seemed to be old sconces along the wood paneled walls, half of which were burnt out, and the lights hanging directly over the bar, which shone a dim, piss-yellow gold. It certainly didn't help that the shades for those lights were a thick, dark green looking glass that constrained the rays of light to directly beneath the bulb. Then again, this was probably the sort of place visited by clientele who didn't want to be fully seen.

The bartender on duty lazily glanced over at the sound of the bell above the door, saw Vox, and immediately straightened up like a 2x4 had gotten shoved directly up his ass. His middle set of hands fidgeted anxiously as his top two mixed with a shaker. The aluminum gleamed under the lights overhead, and Vox could easily see when the bartender's rhythm began to falter more and more with every step Vox took towards him.

Ha. It never got old.

As he approached, Vox considered the angle to take. He could go for a classic and feed into the anxiety the bartender already had. Rattle the poor bastard down to the bones until he was a pathetic pile of frayed nerves and whimpering platitudes. That was always funny.

There was also the cool and relatable CEO. Pretend like he didn't know exactly how big of a deal he was all while rubbing elbows with the masses. He could lie about how interesting he thought being a bartender was, or how important and vital to society he was, yadda, yadda, yadda. No doubt the guy would start posting online when he got home, or maybe during lulls in his shift, about what a nice and chill guy Vox was. People really ate that shit up. Sales would certainly see a little boost with customer loyalty.

Or, Vox could try and be a little flirty with the man. Make this literal insect of a sinner think he ever stood a chance with someone like himself. Bolster the loser's confidence and weasel out a few free drinks in the process. Granted, he doesn't *need* to do that anymore –not since the 80's really— but bourbon always did taste sweeter on someone else's dime.

And it's not like anyone would believe this little roach if he tried to yap about how Vox –*THE* Overlord, CEO, Media Tycoon Vox— had come into his rinky dink bar one random night and flirted with <u>him</u>. Pft. Yeah. Okay. And you also made out on the bar top and everyone stood and clapped, right?

Besides, what was the point in being the (potentially) Hottest in Hell if he didn't *use* the title?

Vox reached the bar and didn't bother sitting, since he didn't see Alastor on any of the barstools nearby. He'd find him later after getting a drink.

He leaned against the counter and tilted his head to the side coyly, exaggerating the lean musculature of his long neck. He smiled charmingly, and the bartender –Dave, according to the askew nametag—stared back, mouth agape.

"Hey there~" Vox greeted in a soothing rumble. "So, what do you recommend?"

The shaker fell from his slack grip, and his bottom set of hands scrambled to catch it. Its contents spilled across his shirt, a light pink stain blossoming across the white, and his middle hands dabbed at it with a damp towel while the bottom two poured out what was left into a martini glass. He gestured with his shaking top left hand to the bottled lined wall behind him.

"W-we have a, ahem, a wide selection of li- of *fine* liquors and spirits for your pleasure, *Sir*," he tacked on hastily when he, rightfully, realized this particular clientele required a bit more respect than his usuals.

Vox smirked. "Hmm, for *my* pleasure. Really? And what do you think might pleasure me?"

Vox made sure to slowly rove his eyes up and down the Dave's twiggy frame and really emphasize the "pleasure" as his gaze lingered below the other's belt. He flicked his eyes back up with a toothy grin, just in time to catch the pink flush start to spread across Dave's sallow cheeks in a hilarious mimicry of his ruined shirt. When their eyes caught one another, Vox watched Dave's throat spasm beneath a tight collar.

"Well, my guess would be some overpriced drivel that appeals to the masses!" A heavily filtered voice jeered cheerfully behind Vox.

The bartender's four beady eyes nearly bugged out of his head, and Vox missed the rest of whatever the hell Dave did because he turned around to glare at a certain smiling asshole.

Alastor's grin only sharpened underneath Vox's ire, and he set his empty tumbler onto the counter with a gentle tap to the rim. A silent request for a refill. And it was either a testament to his work ethic or plain old survival instinct that shook Dave from his terrified stupor and led to him pouring another serving.

"So now, what brings you here, Voxxy?" Alastor took a quick, pointed sip of his drink. "Doesn't quite seem like the sort of establishment you'd be caught double-dead in these days."

"These days?" Vox scoffed. "Funny way of saying seven years ago. You don't know *shit* about these days."

Alastor's eyes gleamed over the rim of his glass. "You've been counting?"

"Wha- no! I just, it's one of my interns pointed it out to me, that's all."

“Ah, so incompetent you need an assistant to do basic math for you. How embarrassing,” Alastor teased as he held a hand to his mouth, as if this were truly the ghastliest thing Alastor had ever heard.

Vox clicked his teeth at Alastor’s stupid theatrics. “I don’t *need* someone to do anything for me. I just assign other people to do the simple, menial, *unimportant* tasks for me. It’s called delegating, prick.”

Alastor’s eyes narrowed tellingly at his being designated as unimportant. He took another, deeper, drink from his tumbler.

“Well. I suppose that explains why it was so *simple* to infiltrate one of your own television stations, tear every single sinner inside to shreds, and broadcast Charlie’s charming little commercial. To not keep tabs on someone who can so *easily* destroy everything you hold dear. Tsk. Tsk. You’ve gotten quite sloppy over the years, old chum!”

“Television station? Wait. That was you?! You fucking-” Vox cut himself off and forced a deep breath in and old before his circuits could fry. “You know what? Whatever. I don’t care.”

Alastor shrugged. “Of course you don’t. You don’t really *care* about what you showcase. It’s never been about what you make, but what you made.”

Vox glared at Alastor.

“As in how much money you made.”

Vox could feel his left eye starting to twitch.

“Because you’re a sell-out.”

“I got the joke, asshole!”

Alastor airily waved away Vox’s, justifiable, frustration. “Yes. Yes. Had to be sure you understood. Media these days is so clear-cut. Like the audience must have their hands held throughout the experience. You’d think everyone had collective amnesia over a metaphor.”

“Oh please, like what you do is highbrow. You fucking murder and eat people on live radio. Not exactly purple prose there, Al.”

Alastor pretended like that barb didn’t stick as he rolled his eyes and took another sip of his, rapidly dwindling, drink. With his mouth, for once, busy with something other than yapping, Vox took the initiative with another verbal strike.

“I really don’t care, you know. Go ahead and murder as many of my employees as you like. It’s not going to bring back your audience. Radio is done. Over. Finito. It’s never coming back, and *that’s* why I cared so little about your return.”

Alastor’s answering smile gave Vox a feeling he imagined was similar to the realization you had stepped on a landmine.

"*Why you cared so little about my return*, you say? Was that why you gave me such a *public* welcome home?"

Vox felt something unsettling writhe beneath his skin at the memory of *that* particular encounter months ago, but hid it beneath a laugh. "Hahaha! You think all that was because of you? Pssh, yeah right. People just love a good fight, you know? It didn't really matter who with or what was said. It could have been *anyone*. So long as the audience was watching, you know?"

"Yes, and I can imagine that shutting down the power grid for the greater part of the city certainly helped with audience retention."

Vox snarled, trying to think of a way to spin this embarrassing stroll down memory lane in his favor when Alastor drained his glass, asked for another, and propped his elbow onto the bar as he waited. And it was clearly going to take a bit, as far away as the bartender had taken his sorry ass when they'd begun talking.

Vox looked back over to Alastor to see the other staring at him with a half-lidded gaze that reminded Vox of years gone by. When his head was heavier and Alastor's words softer.

Alastor smiled, his teeth put away for once, and his smile brought a gentle curl to his eyes from below. "That truly was a lovely welcome home, my dear. I've missed our little tête-à-têtes."

"Pft, I'd believe that if you didn't have a habit of making things a hands-on tête-à-tête."

Alastor laughed heartily.

"I do, don't I?" He chuckled with a fond shake of his head. "Come now, if you're actually here to dip the bill, let me buy you one. Consider it a gift from one winner to a loser."

Vox couldn't help but glance down to Alastor's chest. Clothed as it was, he could still see in his mind's eye the bloody slash that ran from shoulder to hip. The urge to mock Alastor for *that* loss wavered on the tip of his tongue, but to mention that now…seemed ill timed.

Call it stupid. Call it nostalgic. Call it seven years of things left unsaid. But to just blurt that particular detail out now would be like taking a wrecking ball to the glass house of this delicately crafted moment between them, and Vox wasn't quite ready to destroy things just yet.

So he found another wound to rub salt into.

"Ha! Pretty big talk coming from someone who lost the Hell's Hottest Poll right out the gate."

Alastor cocked his head. "The Hell's what now?"

Ten minutes later saw him and Alastor tucked away in a ratty booth in a dark corner of the bar with three bottles –one of which was close to being empty already— and Alastor furrowing his brow rather cutely as he tried to parse out what Vox has so eloquently explained.

“I’m afraid I still don’t understand.”

“Look. It’s simple. Some gossip rag puts out a Hell’s Hottest Poll every decade and we’re in the finals this weekend. It’s between me and Lucifer.”

“And you think you stand a chance of winning?”

“Gee. Thanks. Tell me how you really feel.” Vox deadpanned, trying to bury the hurt of such blunt dismissal under a metric ton of sarcasm (and a straight shot of bourbon).

“I just did.”

Vox took another shot.

“Vox. I’m not trying to disparage you, for once. And I mean it. It’s simply a fact. Lucifer Morningstar was the most beautiful of God’s creations.”

Vox slouched down with a soft squeak of old pleather. “I can’t believe Lucifer Morningstar is your type.”

“He’s not my anything, other than a thorn in my side. I’m simply saying that you can’t, reasonably, expect to beat him in a contest centered around beauty.”

“Well, I mean, it’s not just beauty. It’s called Hell’s *Hottest*; sex appeal plays a part too, you know.”

Alastor arched a trim brow. “Those aren’t the same thing?”

“Uh, no? I mean, haven’t you ever seen a guy who was a total uggo but had so much confidence that you kinda wanted to jump him anyways?”

Alastor held his chin between his thumb and forefinger in thought until he straightened up with a snap of his neck and fingers. “Ah! I see, and that’s why you liked Valentino?”

“No. Val’s just regular hot.”

“Is he?”

“Yes, Alastor,” he stressed.

Alastor narrowed his eyes. “And yet he lost the poll as well?”

“Yeah.”

Alastor pursed his lips and hummed, doubtful. “And you said the sex appeal played a part?”

“Uh huh,” Vox replied, trying to commit to memory how the word ‘sex’ sounded in Alastor’s voice.

“And yet he’s known for his pornography?”

Vox committed the sound of that word to memory too. “Yeah, well, he hasn’t been on that side of the camera in a few years. The public forgets pretty easily, you know?”

“I don’t.”

Vox ignored him. “He was pretty upset when he first heard. Apparently he lost his place to Adam. As in, Heaven’s lead executioner, Adam. Took a while to calm him down enough not to go all Scarface on the entire R&D floor.”

Alastor nodded as he poured himself and Vox more whisky (Scotch whisky, a compromise between their preferences though Alastor refuses to call it that because it technically wasn’t made in Scotland) and finished off the bottle.

“And who’s going to hold you back when you lose?” Alastor teased. “Valentino doesn’t have much in the way of impulse control. And that new dame of yours seems the type who enjoys fanning the flames.”

“Yeah, well, who says I’m going to lose?”

Alastor smiled and sipped on his whisky instead of replying.

Vox smacked his hand on the table instead of across Alastor’s face. “Don’t you sit there all smug and shit when you lost first, dickhead.”

“Yes, you’d mentioned that earlier.” Alastor drolly replied as he slowly swirled the whisky in his glass. “Now, I really couldn’t care less about my placement in that ridiculous poll. Though I am curious as to how they got a photo of me for such a thing.”

“They didn’t. It was just your name.”

Alastor’s grin brightened considerably upon hearing that. “I see! And wouldn’t you agree that such a factor might affect my results?”

“I guess,” Vox admitted reluctantly.

“And who did I end up losing to?”

Vox paused, feeling like he was about to point out the ‘on’ switch of his own electric chair. “Lucifer.”

“And that’s just as well. Alastor nodded before taking another drink. “There’s no shame in losing to the winner, you know.”

“Oh, isn’t there?” Vox spat back, feeling a little nasty over quickly Alastor was counting his – theoretical— loses.

Alastor looked across the table at Vox, his eyebrows furrowed slightly in confusion. “Are you genuinely upset by this?”

“No.” Vox snapped, sitting up. “…maybe, a little. It’s just. I’ve never made it to the finals before, you know? And now that I have, Lucifer’s come out of the woodwork for the first time in, like, *a century*, and it’s just…”

Elbows on the table, fingers interlaced, Alastor stared at Vox over the bridge of his hands with an eerie level of attention before finally breaking it with a blink and shift in smile. “Vox. Are you insecure about your looks?”

Vox could feel his shoulders curving in and forced them back, keeping his posture from shriveling into a pathetic little huddle despite the sense of unease he felt under Alastor’s sharp gaze.

He crossed his arms over his chest. “Of course not. I mean, look at me. I’m a hot piece of ass if there ever was one!”

Alastor rested his cheek on the back of his hand as he smiled at Vox from across the booth table.

“Hmm, you seem pretty confident, Voxxy~”

Vox was caught a little off guard by the gentle purr of Alastor’s words. It was clearly bait, pretty and flashing in front of him like a lure on a hook, but he wasn’t quite sure what was on the other end.

And there was only one way to know.

He took a bite.

“Tch, obviously.”

Alastor’s eyes gleamed with a cutting edge of one-sided amusement. “Confident enough to, oh, I don’t know, *bet on it*?”

Hook. Line. Sinker.

If he backed out now, he’d be admitting to his false bravado. A small loss, sure. But with Alastor, a minor concession now could be fanned into a roaring flame of major failure further down the line. Every inch lost could quickly become a mile or two (hundred) when it came to this conniving bastard.

And, worst of all, he *knew* it.

“Y-yeah,” Vox cleared his throat and threw his arm over the back of the booth. Super casual. “Alright then. If I lose and Lucifer ends up winning the poll, what do you want?”

“I want that footage you took of my loss against Adam.”

Vox blinked, not having expected Alastor to ever mention *that* particular event. He’d honestly figured that elephant would stay well within the room from now until forever.

“Whaaaaaat? Footage? Pft, what, uh, what even is that? I don’t know what-”

“Bushwa. I saw your tacky little drones just before the battle. Indulging in your voyeurism even during an extermination? Tsk. Tsk. Does your depravity know no bounds?

“In your eyes, probably not,” Vox murmured into his drink before taking a sip and admitting, with a sigh, “okay, yeah, I recorded it all. But it’s just for me, okay? Until *I’m* the one who brings you to your knees, only I can see you like that.”

“Fair enough. But that’s what I want. I want all of it. The originals, the saved recordings, the backups, any edits. <u>All of it</u>. Understand?”

“You make it hard not to,” Vox grumbled. “But fine. Alright. I’ll hand over everything I got.”

“Good. And what of you? In the *frightfully* small chance that you actually win, what do you want?” Alastor smirked.

Vox drummed the table idly as he thought. There was a lot he wanted in general. Sure he had plenty of money and power and souls and influence, but it never hurt to have *more*.

But from Alastor? Well. From him, Vox wanted a hell of a lot.

He wanted Alastor to admit he was wrong.

He wanted Alastor to finally go on Vox 2 Nite and be interviewed.

He wanted Alastor to leave the hotel and work with him.

He wanted Alastor to go on his radio show and talk about how great Vox was.

He wanted Alastor in a sexy pencil skirt at his secretary desk.

He wanted Alastor to tell him where he’d been for seven years.

He wanted Alastor to buy him more drinks.

He wanted Alastor to dance with him again.

He wanted Alastor to look at him fondly.

He wanted Alastor to want him.

“Fuck me, I don’t know,” Vox muttered before realizing, “no, wait, I mean-”

But Alastor was already cackling, already *well* aware that Vox had spoken in error because *obviously* he had to have, right? Obviously the idea of them together, in that way, was so knee-slappingly, gut-bustingly, hand-over-heart, on God *hilarious*. Downright laughable.

As if the idea of anyone wanting to be with Vox was a fucking ***joke***.

You can't, reasonably, expect to beat him.

"Alright, you know what? Fuck it! Yeah! Fuck me if you're wrong, asshole!"

Alastor's laughter petered out as he wiped a tear away from his eye. "Pardon me. I didn't quite catch that. What did you say, old chum?"

"I **said**," Vox enunciated, "that if I win, you fuck me."

Alastor blinked before adjusting his monocle and quirking his brow. "And…how exactly, is that of benefit for you?"

Holy shit. Is Vox dealing with, literally, the only person in Hell he has to explain the merits of sex to? Jesus Christ on a stick.

"I like sex. It's fun. Especially with me. And if the idea of having sex with me is *that* ridiculous to you, then I'm going to make you *eat* those words, or, um, I guess it's more like eat those laughs, isn't it? Whatever. Point is, if you're going to have to acknowledge that I'm Hell's Hottest by getting with all this."

Vox added a gesture up and down his body, just in case Alastor needed the help to get it through his especially thick skull.

And, even then, it still took Alastor a few seconds to respond. "You're not ossified already, are you?"

"*What*?"

"Zozzled, I mean."

Vox blinked back at him.

"Spifflicated," Alastor tried, as if that many any fucking more sense. "Tanked, corked, plastered-"

"Plastered? Wait, wait, wait, do you think I'm drunk? Seriously? After only *one* bottle? Half of one, if anything?"

Alastor shrugged.

Vox puffed up, affronted down to his –functioning– alcoholic core. "*That's* probably the worst thing you've said all night, to be honest. **No**. I'm not fucking *drunk*, moron. I'm serious. I lose the poll; you get your fail compilation back. I win the poll; you gotta take me *from* the back."

Alastor grimaced. “Is that more of your appalling wordplay or a stipulation?”

Vox considered being cheeky with his retort (*“whatever you like, babe” wink wink*) but figured specifics were probably better with Alastor.

“Yeah, sure, it’s a stipulation. But hey, it doesn’t really matter anyways! Because there’s *no way* I’m going to win this thing against *the* Lucifer Morningstar, right?”

Alastor tapped his forefinger against the table in thought. “No. I stand by what I said. Sheik or not, I don’t think you can outshine Heaven’s brightest. Sorry, old pal.”

Vox swallowed down the bitter taste of Alastor’s words. What made it especially harsh was that he wasn’t *really* wrong. I mean. This *was* Lucifer Morningstar that Vox was up against. The heavenly host with golden hair and piercing eyes and cherubic voice. The dangerous king with fire on his tongue and power in his hand and sex appeal out the wazoo.

The odds weren’t good, and it was probably the height of stupidity to bet on them, but Vox had been through enough tight spots to know that he’d make it out okay. Whatever happened.

Worst case scenario, he lost and had to give up his sweet, sweet revenge porn- I mean, revenge footage. For blackmail purposes…and nothing else.

Best case, scenario, meanwhile, meant that…that…

Vox looked across the table and saw the swipe of Alastor’s wet tongue across his lip to chase a stray droplet of whisky.

Oh, fuck yeah.

He’d take those odds.

Gladly.

Chapter End Notes

Alastor uses the phrase tête-à-tête. It literally translates to “head to head”.
Vox assumes, therefore, that tête-à-tête has the same meaning as the English idiom “head to head”, which is a way of saying two people are competing directly.
Alastor, however, means it in the proper French idiom sense, in that it is a private conversation between two people, usually denoting a certain level of intimacy that isn’t necessarily sexual. It’s his way of referring to their spats in a fond manner.

Anyways, leave a comment if you want more and I might be persuaded to write a follow-up chapter of their wager being fulfilled 😉

Chapter 2: The Payout

Chapter Notes

A/N: This chapter was supposed to be short and sexy but these bitches just kept talking.
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Also, I started this before S2 aired and had written the chair sex bit well before episode 4. Never, in my wildest dreams, could I have known that Alastor was going to be canonically strapped to a shitty rolling-chair (and that I was going to write a chair sex smut fic based on it: Seat On The Throne) so I'm sorry for the redundancy in my fics. Hopefully I make up for it in other ways ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Spirits were high in the lobby of the newly constructed hotel as employees and resident alike gathered around the parlor where the singular TV was showcasing the final hour of the Hell's Hottest vote. Katie Killjoy, with a stiletto heel stepping on Tom Trench's wheezing chest, cheerily reported that the two finalists --Lucifer Morningstar and Overlord Vox-- were neck in neck, but everyone in the hotel (rightly) presumed some level of favoritism was affecting the zeal of her reporting.

"Don't you worry, Short King, you've got this in the bag," Angel said, already halfway to tipsy before the victory party even started.

"I'm not worried," Lucifer replied. And he genuinely appeared so, more engrossed in the game of Jenga he was playing against Charlie, and Vaggie than the TV he currently had his back to.

In fact, the only person quite possibly *less* invested than Lucifer was Alastor, who sat primly perched on a plush armchair in the corner. Close enough to be, technically, present in the festivities, but far enough away to be more or less removed from the situation entirely. He turned the page of the book he was reading --Red Dragon-- and blithely offered his own colored commentary to the proceedings he was pointedly not involving himself in.

"Yes, the King may not be trustworthy in most regards, but he is at least appealing to the masses."

"Oh buzz off," Lucifer glared over his shoulder. "You're just jealous you lost in the first round."

Alastor rolled his eyes. "Yes. Yes. I'm so *terribly* heartbroken to lose a contest I both did not enter or intend to win."

"Funny way of calling yourself ugly," Lucifer jeered before carefully extracting a wooden block from the teetering tower.

Only for it to swiftly tumble down.

Angel Dust laughed as he collapsed back into the couch cushions. "Ha! And here I woulda thought the devil'd be better with his hands!"

"I prefer to use my mouth actually."

"Dad!!" Charlie whined as Angel Dust only cackled louder.

Lucifer blinked, startled by both Angel Dust's jubilation and Charlie's humiliation. He frantically switched his attention back and forth between the two, searching for a clue, until the penny finally fell into the slot. "Not like that, jeez. I just meant I'm a good talker. Silver tongue! You know!"

"Can't say I do. I certainly haven't seen any evidence to its existence." Alastor smirked.

"How's about I show you what my tongue can do." Lucifer snapped back with a mean grin.

"Dad!" Charlie whined, even more plaintively, while Angel Dust fell into a fresh fit of laughter.

Alastor, for his part, delicately placed a hand over his lips, as though Lucifer's unintentional proposition scandalized him down to his rotten core. Swiftly, that same hand slid to his cheek, and Alastor batted his lashes and put on a demure act as he sheepishly looked askance.

"My, my, so forward, Your Majesty. If this is how you speak to all your subjects, I can see how you've developed such a dissolute reputation." Unable to keep up the act for long, Alastor's grin sharpened and his eyes glowed a wicked red. "Such a *wagtail* our King is."

Lucifer leaned closer to Angel Dust and whispered, "what's he calling me?"

"Dunno, think he's callin' ya a slut."

"Ah okay," Lucifer straightened back up and spoke louder, "blah, blah, blah, all I'm hearing is a bunch of jealousy from someone who can't get *any* tail."

"Ooooooh," Angel Dust commented from the sidelines.

Alastor quirked a brow, staring down his nose at Lucifer imperiously. "That's twice now you've called me jealous. Running out of insults, are we, or is this merely projection?"

Lucifer spluttered, both in shock and to stall while his mind worked on crafting an insult.

"Please. Jealous? Of what?" He sneered, gesturing up and down Alastor's person. "Some fugly first round loser?"

Alastor smiled. “Well, not all of us reduce our worth down to mere sex appeal.”

“Hey, I didn’t even *ask* to be considered, alright? But I guess, like with most things, I’m simply the best without even trying.” He matched Alastor's toothy grin.

"Hmmm, not trying, you say? Yes you do rather excel at that."

"Alright, listen here you stereo *freak*, I-"

“HOLY SHIT!!" Angel exclaimed from the couch.

Husk looked over from the bar. Niffty popped out from the chimney. Charlie and Vaggie glanced up from their de-escalation guidebook. Lucifer and Alastor slowly brought their glares from each other to the TV screen.

On which, Katie Killjoy was announcing the winner of the poll to be: Vox.

The room was dead silent.

Alastor’s right eye twitched.

“FUCK!”

Vox sat on the couch of their VoxTek penthouse lounge, stunned. Around him Val was lavishing him with congratulations and offers to go out to the clubs to celebrate his well earned victory. Velvette, meanwhile, was already live streaming the win to her many followers with hashtags like #HellsHottest and #VoxSweeps and the like.

Vox kept staring at the television in a vague stupor. Flashing across the screen was his name and the provided photo (a nice one that Velvette had taken a few months ago at some award show he was too high to really remember) while a big red X was plastered across Lucifer's grey-scaled photo.

He'd done it.

He'd *actually* done it.

Between Valentino's promise for some sloppy head later that night and Velvette's viscous verbal takedown of his losing opponent, Vox heard his cellphone ring.

Feeling a bit numb, like his limb wasn't really his own, Vox pulled his cell from his pocket.

Unknown number.

It was an unusual sight. Most people didn't have access to this line. But, in the back of his mind, he had a thought, a feeling. Something embarrassingly close to hope.

He pressed the answer button and held the speaker up to his receivers.

There was a moment of silence. Tense and heavy as it stretched on for several heartbeats.

Then came a familiar sigh.

“So when did you want to meet?”

Alastor followed Vox into the studio set for Vox-2-Nite. Arms behind his back, he cast a critical gaze over the stage, the light fixtures, the sound system. He eyed the cameras with an especially dubious glare.

"Don't worry, they're all off."

Alastor immediately zeroed in on the CCTV cameras in the corner. Vox snapped his fingers and a bright blue bolt of electricity arched across the room to the camera.

"Okay. *Now* they're all off."

Alastor narrowed his eyes at Vox and continued to examine their surroundings with a judgemental gaze and curled lip. "Is this *really* where you want to complete the deal?"

"Uh, **yeah**. What, you never fantasized about banging in the workplace?"

Alastor stopped in front of a teleprompter and twisted the screen away. "Can't say I have."

"Well maybe after this you'll start. The taboo of it all really amps up the degeneracy."

"I was a scofflaw who committed serial murder. I think I've got degeneracy well and truly covered."

"And now you can add sexual deviant to the roster." Vox purred as he tugged Alastor closer by his bowtie. He leaned in to plant one on that smart mouth, but scowled when Alastor demurely turned his cheek.

"Aw come on. I won, Al, fair and square."

"Yes, and I believe the deal was for sex. Not kissing."

"Damn it Alastor, don't fucking nickle and dime me, alright? I won. You lost. Now deal with it, or are you really so shit an entertainer that you can't even *pretend* to enjoy it?"

"My pride as an entertainer doesn't rely on your opinion." Alastor huffed as he knocked Vox's hand away.

Vox scowled back him.

"Buuuuut," and then Alastor coyly looped his forefinger through Vox's bowtie and gave him a gentle tug closer. "My honor as a gentlemen *does* compel me to indulge good behavior. Understand?"

Vox smirked and could feel the warm trickle of drool drip down from his lip. "I'd be happy to let you take the lead, Al, as soon as you actually start stepping."

Alastor met his grin and shoved him back. Vox stumbled into the desk behind them and, before he could fully gather his balance, Alastor was upon him. Hands on either side of Vox's hips, Alastor trapped Vox beneath him, but there was never a sinner happier to be caught by the Radio Demon.

Given the swiftness of the attack, Vox prepared for an onslaught of teeth and claws, of angry kisses between hungry bites. Instead, Alastor slowly leaned down and carefully, *gently* touched his nose to Vox's screen. The contact was featherlight, barely even there, but Vox's screen crackled with the static electricity wrought by Alastor's ambient frequency.

Alastor nibbled on the bottom edge of his plastic chassis

Then a long*, wet* tongue slipped down and around the edge of his monitor, dragging along the back of his head in slow, probing strokes. Vox seized briefly when the tongue traced the rim of his aux ports, and his skin rippled with shivers of pleasure when the tip slipped into the groove of his audio port.

Vox's mind failed to reconcile Alastor's proximity to this soft pleasure. Alastor was all venom and teeth, cruel grins and cutting remarks. He was the shiver down a spine, the unseen presence in the shadows, the knife already sinking into your back.

But, apparently, Alastor could also be a slow tongue, a gentle kiss, and tender caress. It made Vox physically *ache* to know he'd never have this Alastor again.

Alastor moved away from his ports and started mouthing along his neck. When he pressed a chaste kiss to Vox's fluttering pulse, Vox's hips twitched. When Alastor pressed a wet, messy, far from chaste kiss to that same spot, Vox moaned and thrusted his hips forward.

But when Vox rolled his hips against Alastor's, he felt nothing. He really hoped Alastor didn't have a micropenis or something because that'd be a letdown and retroactively ruin all his previous fantasies about the man.

Vox grinded against Alastor again and growled when the prick actually tilted his hips *away* from his groin. Just what the fuck was this ancient prude doing? It was a bit too little and very much too late to be getting shy all of the sudden.

Vox shoved Alastor back this time, pushing him off and into the nearby desk chair.

"Whatever happened to letting me lead?" Alastor smirked.

"I think I'm tired of this slow dancing," Vox grinned as he settled into Alastor's lap. "I'm thinking it's time we progress to a little tango, a little *horizontal* tango." Vox paused, taking in their current positioning. "Or, a vertical tango, I guess, which...which is regular tango."

Alastor's smile reached his eyes.

"Oh shut up. Foreplay's over, alright? Are we fucking or not?"

Alastor opened his mouth.

"Don't answer that!"

Alastor closed his mouth.

Vox leaned back just enough for him to unbuckle his belt, yeet that shit across the room, and unzip his pants. He pulled his rock hard cock out and stroked it nice and slow so Alastor could appreciate the length and girth of such a prime specimen.

Alastor stared at his face.

“Ahem.”

Alastor blinked up at him.

Vox gestured to his meaty rod.

“Oh, yes erm, that’s a very nice penis, Vox. Very erect.”

Vox sighed. “We’ll work on that. Now, let's see what you're working with."

Alastor sighed in turn. "Must we?"

"Hey, I wanna see what's going in me. I think I deserve the right," Vox protested as he reached for Alastor's belt. "*Fuck,* I bet you're packing down there. I've gotta be honest, I've been thinking about this for-"

Vox stared down at the mound of fur he'd unwrapped. "Did...did you fucking *castrate* yourself to get out of this?!"

"Hahaha! Now *there's* an idea. But no, I'm afraid a deal's a deal."

"Then where's your fucking dick?"

"It's still there, Old Sport, I'm just simply not aroused yet."

"Not aroused? You mean to tell me that you're about to fuck the hottest bod in Hell, and that doesn't get you going at least a *little*?"

Alastor shrugged. "Apparently not."

Okay. Fine. *Sure*. Maybe they hadn't actually done all that much yet, but considering how worked up Vox already was it felt a bit...embarrassing for Alastor to not even be at half-chub.

"Well what do you need," Vox snapped. "A formal invitation?"

"Hmm, no, I should think a bit of stimulation will suffice."

Vox slapped away Alastor's approaching hand. "Hang on, I wanna do it."

"Oh? Do *what*, pray tell? You didn't even know what you were looking at a second ago."

"So what? I'll figure it out. I'm a fast learner."

"You don't know how I prefer it."

“Then maybe you can *tell* me how you want it. As detailed as you like. You like telling people what to do, don’t you?”

“Oh, so now all of the sudden you take direction?"

"If I like what they're telling me to do." Vox smirked as he thought of something no man could resist.

He slid off Alastor's lap and knelt down on the floor. Alastor cocked his head, seemingly curious, and allowed Vox to push his legs further apart so he could slot his body between them.

Vox needed a lot of room for his head, but luckily Alastor appeared to have waltzed down into Hell with no bones. With his legs spread into nearly the splits, Vox scooted closer and lowered his screen towards Alastor's fuzzy sheath.

"What are you even- don't put your mouth there!"

Alastor braced his hand on Vox's monitor before he could reach his target. Deadly sharp claws scrapped threateningly against the back of his casing, so Vox obediently sat back on his heels. He kept his hands on Alastor's legs though and tried to rub soothing circles into the meat of Alastor's thigh but stopped when Alastor tried to shake him off with a sharp jerk.

"Alastor, come on, I just wanna little taste."

"Oh no you don't. You really think you're going to fool me, a cannibal, with that excuse?"

Vox rolled his eyes at the theatrics. "Jesus, Al, I'm not gonna bite your fucking dick off. I mean, it'd be kinda hard for you to fuck me if I did."

"If you insist on doing it yourself, couldn't you just use your hands instead?"

"What? You think these bad boys are any safer?" Vox held up his hand, claw tips pointed up so as to glint in the studio lights and prove his point.

Alastor stared at them, then at his teeth. He looked as though he might might say yes just to be spiteful, so Vox quickly used his head (his bigger one) and activated his puppy_dog_eyes.exe protocol with a crocodile_tears subroutine thrown in for good measure. He even perched the bottom of his screen atop Alastor's knee as he stared up at him.

"Please Alastor. I really want to. I can make you feel sooo good."

And all he got for this Oscar worthy performance was an ear flick and an eye twitch, which, was quite the tell for Alastor. Vox swallowed down a smug grin as he could already hear the incoming acquiescence before Alastor even opened his mouth.

"Fine. If you must."

"Oh I **must**."

Vox leaned in again, but was stopped one more time with a firm hand to his upper rim.

"**WHAT?"**

Alastor stared down at Vox, his nose wrinkling. “I’m **not** reciprocating.”

The mere *idea* had Vox moaning gutturally and tightly squeezing his dick before the mental image could unravel him. “Y-yeah, okay, that’s fine. Maybe next time.”

“There won’t **be** a next time.”

“Ha! That mean you’re not so confident in a little double or nothing? Huh? Is that it? Too scared I might win again next time?”

Alastor glared. “Just go on and put that mouth of yours to better use.”

“With pleasure.”

So with that, tentative, permission, Vox leaned back in. He searched through the fur until he found an opening and carefully used his fingers to widen the slit and expose Alastor's sheath. He peered inside and was barely able to make out something nestled within the flesh.

"Ohhh, I bet it'd feel so good to fuck you in here. Our cocks, rubbing against each other in your tight sheath."

"Keep dreaming. You wouldn't fit."

"Flatterer," Vox purred, before he leaned in for a taste.

Then he realized, once his tongue slipped past the outer folds, that Alastor was being quite literal.

Even unaroused, this sheath was a snug fit around Alastor cock, and as Vox probed along the velvet walls, he barely felt any stretch. The tight warmth was tempting, but was maybe enough to accommodate a finger, two at most. He could hardly squeeze his tongue in as is, but he didn't let such a paltry limitation as anatomy deter him in the slightest and dug in with gusto.

He stroked along Alastor's shaft, tracing and cataloging every throbbing vein as it appeared. Laving like a starved animal, Vox licked and slurped and coaxed Alastor's cock to hardness.

And just as the shaft started to firm up under Vox's skilled ministrations, the entire cock slid out in one smooth motion and poked Vox in the eye.

Vox jerked back, his eye actually tearing up a bit, with a "warn a guy, would ya" right on the top of his tongue before he froze at the sight.

Alastor's dick.

After all this time, after all his efforts, it was finally there. Right in front of him.

Despite having a sheath, Alastor's cock still looked pretty human. He had a long shaft with a thick, spongy head at the end. It was still mostly soft, and Vox absently wondered if it got bigger.

A fat bead of precum glistened from the slit, so before it could dribble off and be wasted, Vox dragged the tip across the flat of his tongue, smearing the salty fluid and memorizing it's taste, *Alastor's* taste.

Before Alastor could find a way to stop him, Vox chased the flavor to the source and circled his mouth tightly around Alastor's cockhead. He slurped down the precum as it came, noisily swallowing and humming to really sell Alastor on the experience. Then he took Alastor deeper into his mouth.

Now, let it be known, Vox's mouth was a fucking marvel. An endless void that could take *anything*.

The problem with voids, though, was kinda the fact that they were, by definition, empty. No warm walls to caress a cock. No throat to fuck and choke around a shaft. He didn’t even have any soft lips to tightly seal just underneath the spongy head.

But Vox *did* have a tongue. And boy did he know how to use it. The instant he swallowed down the entirety of Alastor’s dick, he got to work. His long tongue swirled around the shaft and stroked it as firmly as any hand but with the slick warmth of a proper orifice.

He could feel Alastor's cock harden in his mouth. It pressed against his tongue, heavy and demanding as it filled. Vox reluctantly pulled himself off and gave a parting kiss to the

bulbous tip.

Vox considered the fully erected dick before him.

"Fuck you're so big," Vox murmured, unable to fully suppress the reverence that seeped into his voice.

"You think so?" Alastor asked, somewhere between bored and nonchalant. "Because it gets bigger."

"What? You liar. You expect me to believe you would actually measure?"

"I haven't. It's more like...a feeling. It's more strained usually. But not to worry. It won't be anything more than what you can manage, I'm sure."

Vox considered the mean grin Alastor gave him at the backhanded compliment. "What, you calling me a slut or something, Al?"

"Only if you'd like me to," he purred.

Vox felt his screen tingle with a static fuzz and it only intensified when Alastor started laughing.

"No, no, I only mean that with Valentino as your bedfellow-"

"Whoa, whoa, how do *you* know about Val's dick? Have you seen it?"

"No, I-"

"Did Angel tell you?" Vox could feel a crackle of electricity race across his body in his irritation. "Ha! What, has that **whore** been bragging about it at the hotel, or something? Because that coked out *bitch* better watch-"

"It was you, actually." Alastor replied evenly, his chin coyly perched in his palm.

"-the fuck out for- huh? Wait. Me?"

Alastor nodded. "Yes, during one of *your* coked out rants during the '80s. You kept telling me he was *this* big."

Alastor helpfully demonstrated by holding his hands a little over two feet apart.

"And so," he dropped his hands back into his lap, completely ignoring his rock hard dick, "so sorry to disappoint, Old Pal, but I don't think I'll measure up to <u>that</u>. Unless, you would accept a...replacement?"

From behind Alastor, several ink black tendrils of shadow emerged. Long and **thicc,** they wriggled and writhed with a beckoning wave.

Fuck, those things would reach so *deep*.

However.

"Nice try, Alastor, but if this really is a one time thing, then I'm going with the original. I wanna hear you scream, feel you come. All because of *me*."

"Hm, if you say so." Alastor shrugged and the tentacles disappeared. "By the by, is that going to be starting anytime soon? I have places to be."

"Only place you're gonna be is heaven." Vox promised.

Alastor pretended to gasp. "And without even redeeming myself. My, my, that's *quite* the feat."

"Fitting all this in me is going to be quite the feat," Vox retorted before reaching out to give Alastor a firm stroke.

Alastor barely reacted beyond a flick of the ear and a slight shift in his seat. He was practically *begging* for it.

Vox looked up at Alastor and winked. “You know maybe after this I oughta rename this studio to the *BBC*, huh?”

He shimmied his eyebrows up and down at the joke but Alastor only scoffed and rolled his eyes.

“Please, I doubt a British accent would be enough to save your show.”

“No. BBC as in, ugh, nevermind. Speaking of show, it’s showtime.”

Vox leaned in but Alastor stopped him with a boot to the monitor. The motion had his dick bob with a weighted sway, and Vox *ached* at the idea of that gorgeous cock sliding in.

Alastor, meanwhile, propped his elbow on the arm of his chair and sneered down at him.

“Don’t use the word show twice like that; it’s lazy. Try again.”

“Uh, speaking of show, let’s fuck?”

Alastor pressed his foot down harder, grinding his heel into the upper left corner of Vox's screen. “Colder.”

“Ugh, fine!” Vox swatted Alastor’s leg aside and slotted himself in the new gap between. “How’s about *this*? Speaking of show,” he got to his feet.

“We’re **on** in five.”

He placed his hands on Alastor’s shoulders.

“Four.”

Left leg on chair.

“Three.”

Right leg on chair.

“Two.”

He lined Alastor’s cock up to his hole.

One, he mouthed silently before sinking down and breaking the quiet as his throaty moan filled the airspace.

Fuck he didn't prep enough before the meet up.

But whatever. Didn't matter. Vox was a lot of things (a liar, a cheater, a union buster, an embezzler, a fraudster, a cult leader, a bad tipper) but he was no quitter.

So Vox took a deep breath and let it out slowly, pushing air out to make more room for the thick cock carving its way inside. Vox tried not to clench against the burning stretch as he forced more of that thick shaft past his rim.

With progress going too slowly, Vox reluctantly released Alastor's shoulders and balanced carefully on his knees as he reached behind himself to spread his asscheeks apart. He bounced a little, shoving a bit more in with every motion, until finally, *finally,* his ass met Alastor's pelvis.

Damn.

Damn that asshole’s fat cock went ***deep***. Vox slowly rolled his hips, savoring the stretch as tiny little frissons wracked his body. He grabbed Alastor's shoulders tightly and slowly pulled himself up onto his knees. He paused, just as the thick cockhead stretched his rim. Vox panted as he tried to catch his breath but it was stolen away when he saw Alastor *bite his lip* beneath him.

“Oh fuck,” Vox whimpered as he slammed back down to the hilt in one motion.

Alastor swallowed down the worst of a grunt while Vox fought his way back up onto shaky knees. He let gravity take hold again and speared himself on Alastor's cock, flinching with a toe-curling whimper when he found the perfect angle that time.

Sweat dripped down his back to join the sloppy mix of fluids below as he increased his pace.

Up and down, up and down, Vox bounced on Alastor thick cock. The rolling chair started to squeak in protest to their abuse, but Vox couldn’t even fathom the idea of stopping now.

“*Fuuuuuuuuuck*, you feel so good inside me.”

“Truth be told, I’d rather something else of mine be inside you." Alastor growled. "Like my claws.”

Vox gasped when he felt Alastor's hand stroke across his clothed chest. His heart, pounding wildly, leapt straight up to his throat as that hand slid up to his neck and yanked Vox down.

Alastor's breath curled across his screen as he whispered, "or maybe my teeth.”

Vox shivered as Alastor ducked down and licked a fat stripe right across his jugular before giving the damp flesh a nip. He sank lower, down to where Vox's shirt collar rested, and mouthed the junction where neck met shoulder.

"Then again, if I did that. I suppose in the end it’d be you inside *me*.”

Vox ducked his head down into Alastor's hair as he moaned. “Ugh, don’t put that in my head unless you wanna make this bet again.”

“Not on your life.”

Vox lifted his face up to flash a cheeky grin. “And what about my afterlife?”

Alastor sank his teeth into Vox’s neck in response.

Vox’s body seized from the bright flash of searing pain, but the agony swiftly abated to shivers of pleasure as the two opposites mixed in a heady cocktail that scrambled his systems. Overwhelmed, his pace faltered and he came to a stop. He sat there, speared on Alastor's cock, and scrambled to catch his breath.

Only for a moan to be punched from his slack jaw as Alastor sharply thrusted upward.

“Such persistence,” Alastor whispered into his torn flesh, “but no follow through.”

He bucked up again, harder, and Vox clutched Alastor’s shoulders, trying to hold on as Alastor fucked into him again and again and again and again. Choked moans and feeble whimpers tumbled from Vox’s lips as he failed to catch his breath under the onslaught.

“You pathetic little man. Always asking for *more*, and when you finally get the opportunity to ***take*** it, you still find a way to muck it all up.”

“C-can’t you even, fuckin’ say, ungh, ju-ust one, *hah*, nice thing ‘bout me?” Vox gasped out. “I’m official-fuck! Ungh, ‘ffically the hottest in H-Hell.”

Vox shuddered when Alastor changed the angle of his hips ever so slightly and God*damn* was that the right spot.

“*Fuck*, a-at least call me,” Vox winced and dug his claws into Alastor’s shoulders, “call me, ungh, pretty or something.”

“Pretty annoying,” Alastor scoffed.

He clutched Vox's hips with fingers hard enough to bruise and fucked up in Vox.

“Pretty irritating.”

He pounded into him, hard and fast and merciless.

“Pretty persistent.”

Every sharp snap of his hips drove his cock directly into Vox's prostate with a cruel accuracy. Vox scrambled for purchase and grabbed tightly onto Alastor's antlers as he tried to survive the ride of his life from the bucking bronco underneath.

As Alastor ramped up his intensity and Vox frantically searched for stability, their oscillating frequencies met and twisted together into a melody that echoed down to their bones. In seconds, Vox was quivering around Alastor's cock.

Fuck, *fuck,* he was getting close. So fucking close. He could feel his gut constricting into a tight ball of nerves and anticipation, a veritable Sisyphean Stone that had been rolled up the hill and was perched, just on the precipe, of tumbling back down.

“Fuck, ‘m so close,” he moaned.

“Oh, are we finally finished with the forward play?” Alastor asked brightly as he continued roughly fucking into him.

"T-the fuck *angh*, the fuck are you- do *hngh*, you mean *fore*play? How is *this* f-foreplay?”

“Well, the terms of your demand were very clear. If you win,”

Tentacles grabbed Vox, yanked him up off Alastor's dick, and threw him face first onto the nearby desk. Before he could even register the pain of being so quickly left empty, Alastor pressed against him. His heavy cock slotted between the slippery cheeks of Vox's ass, and his hole fluttered in want.

Vox's sweater vest had ridden up in the move, so when Alastor languidly stretched across Vox’s back, the coarse fur of his pelvis scratched against Vox's exposed sliver of sweaty skin in a delicious friction. Alastor ducked down and whispered lowly into Vox's receivers.

“I have to take you *from the back*. Remember?”

And with one savage thrust, he sank back in to the hilt.

And down that Sisyphean boulder rolled.

Vox came across the desk surface, his cum splattering between the mahogany and his stomach. As Alastor started to plow into him, the spend was smeared further with several lewd squeaks, and Vox's body rapidly fell from the lofty highs of euphoria to the twitchy lows of oversensitivity.

His body instinctively tried to pull away, but he was caught between the desk digging into his hips and Alastor's cock running him through to his tender core.

"A-Alastor, *hngh*, fuck- fucking asshole! Hey!"

"Hello~" Alastor grinned as he continued fucking Vox into next week.

"I, Satan, *fuck*, I need, hah, a minute. It's," Vox mewled as Alastor took a spare second to break his rhythm and grind filthily against his sensitive prostate.

"Then take it, you're not doing anything."

Vox flinched and sank his claws into his desk when Alastor drew back his hips and started fucking him again in earnest.

The desk groaned under the weight of Alastor's brutal thrusts, and Vox couldn't suck in enough air to so much as moan. All he could manage were pathetic little gasps and whimpers that Alastor punched out with his cock. It was like Alastor had a personal vendetta the way he abused Vox's prostate with such savage singularity.

Vox could feel himself tearing up, mewling and whimpering like a desperate whore but *fuck* he couldn't bring himself to worry about how he looked, how he sounded. Not when Alastor was so ruthlessly fucking every single thought from his pretty little head.

Alastor clutched his hip tightly, his claws threatening to plunge into his flesh, while the other reached up to clutch his monitor. The ambient buzz of Alastor's frequency raised a crackling static and sent out pulses of tingling pleasure from where he touched.

"Yes, that's right. So beautiful like this, my pretty picture box."

Oh.

Vox tumbled over the edge and came again with a full body shiver. Alastor fucked him through it like an animal, smearing Vox's latest volley of cum between the desktop and his stomach.

His vision was hazy, unfocused. All he could see was the wood of the desk underneath him and the dribbles of drool that leaked from his slack jaw.

Vox felt...odd. Floaty and detached despite the fact that he could still feel everything: the tingle in his extremities, the quivering of his thighs, the warm bliss around his groin. It was like he could feel it all but it meant nothing. Not when he could bask in this cozy static that smothered all the racing thoughts, the pressing issues, the ugly doubts.

Vox could feel Alastor panting against his neck, and it felt like a warm shackle.

He felt so safe.

Alastor was hammering into him, fucking him like a *beast* and Vox relaxed into it, relished the singular attention Alastor was lavishing him with.

When Alastor stopped, he buried himself deep enough for Vox to think he might never leave again.

The first spurt of his cum splashed against Vox's innermost walls, staking his claim in the most intimate way.

Vox whined when Alastor pulled out --too sudden, not finished-- and gasped when he felt the next surge land across the backs of his thighs.

"There we go, that's it." Alastor purred in approval.

Alastor slotted his cock between the cleft of Vox's ass, spurting another load of cum across his cheeks. Alastor spread the mess around with the tip of his penis, and added to it with another wave.

And with one final splatter of cum across the small of his back, Alastor finally stilled with a satisfied sigh.

"Now, don't you paint the prettiest picture, my darling little video podcast."

Distantly, Vox registered the cum cooling across his skin and the bruises he could already feel blooming in his hips.

But hearing that.

Prettiest picture.

Darling little video podcast.

It just made his pulse flutter and his mind sort of slot into place. Like he'd been waiting so long for something and had finally gotten it.

He must have made a sound at that realization, because he heard Alastor chuckle before a gentle hand patted the top of his monitor.

"Oh you like that? Does it make my little TV head happy to know that he's the prettiest boy in Hell? Hmm?"

Prettiest boy.

Vox relaxed into the desk, savoring this strange boneless existence as Alastor's words echoed in his head.

"Yes, you're so handsome and well behaved." The hand in his monitor gently stroked his antennae and his spine just melted into a puddle. "You've not got a single thought in that lovely little head of yours, do you."

Handsome.

Well behaved.

Lovely little head.

Vox murmured something. He wasn't sure as to the cadence or meaning of the sound he made, but it kept Alastor's hand on him and that's what mattered.

"Like, for instance, where the surveillance footage is kept?"

The words didn't quite make it through the haze. Vox turned over the unfamiliar sounds and tried to make sense of it. "Huh?"

Alastor fondled the bulbs topping his antennae and sent a low hertz frequency through them directly to Vox's receivers. Like sinking into a hot bath, Vox's body reflectively sank into the waves.

"Not to worry, *mon lapin*. It's not important." Alastor cooed gently. "Nothing to worry your pretty head over."

Vox hummed, utterly content down to his core, and willingly sank back into that warm, fuzzy feeling.

The perfect place to be for Hell's Prettiest.

Chapter End Notes

So I uh... didn't plan on the sub Vox at the end there. I was just looking for a good ending and Alastor kind of just kept talking and I just kept letting him. So, surprise?
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Anyways, posting this right before the Season 2 Finale. I'll see y'all on the other side 👋

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